

Little remains in the tenebrous memory vault,
Of the days I tottered,
A room plain,
A blue shade of paint
And furniture wrapped in plastic.
The sunlight was dancing in my newborn eyes.
In a home that was yet my own
I met the miracle of awakening.

Then some time passes,
A period I fail to recall,
Save for the swing set in my backyard.
My feet dangling and mind meandering
Swinging listlessly to pass the time,
The hideaway creaked and so did the seat
Then death reared her eyes,
In my gut a pit opened up,
I met fear in the darkness of her solitude.

“Consciousness”